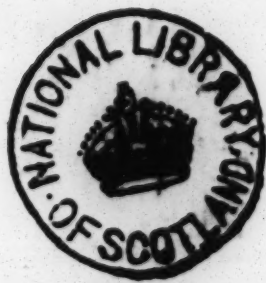
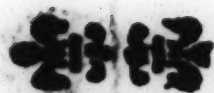


Scoticisms.

*Vpon His*

**MAJESTIES**

happy arrivail in Scotland.



EDENBURGH.

Printed by GEDEON LITHGOW,  
1650.





1.  
The Heavens have heard our groans at length,  
Our Prayers have with God prevailed,  
And all the damned plots are faild,  
Which Hell did hatch with skill and strength,  
Great Charles our Sunne (ecclypst almost)  
Shines fair on Caledonias coast,  
His beames the blackest clouds doe cleare,  
The Temples in loud thanks doe Sing,  
The Castles pales of Cannon ring,  
And Ioy doth eury Where appeare.

2.

See how those Helhounds Snarling stand,  
Those branded Currs that bark'd of late,  
Against this Cuntry, Church and State.  
And Curse a farre this happy land:  
Malicious Mastifs, shame of men,  
That durst so long a King detaine  
From those that ju'd Him even with teares;  
You'd rather seen Him beg His bread  
Then Scotlands Croune set o n His head,  
Because youd have no Credite there.

3.7

*That Providence that Sweys the Spheres,  
 Did pull Him from your filthy clawes,  
 Tho lett you sit with gaping lawes,  
 And belch out oathes disdain full leers,  
 And if you be but worth a groat  
 To drink Confusion to the Scott  
 Lash Lesly, whip Argile, and Spare not,  
 They in their Kings just cause will goe  
 Where you dare not your faces Showe, (not  
 And though you hang your Selves they can*

*Goe with your renting rascall rable  
 Of Colonells coynd Without cloakes,  
 Stout men in talk if words were Strokes,  
 And Valiant at a Wel Seru'd table:  
 Wee hate that damning cursing crue  
 Whom there oune Cruntry forth did Spew  
 And who have drawn these Iudgments down  
 There wicked lives, blasphemous touns,  
 Oppressions, Villainies, and Wroungs  
 Haue to these fires the bellows bloune.*



5.

Wee hope with helpe of Heaven alone  
With Scottish hands and Valour stout,  
To beat those bloody Rogues to route  
And set King Charles on Englands Throne,  
And with there blood to wash away  
That blott they falsly on us lay  
That wee for monney Sold the Father,  
The World our Innocence shall see,  
And that those Traytors perfidie,  
Decead our trust, or Weaknes rather.

6.

When England had a Parlement  
Compleat, composd of honest men,  
Bre knaves and Sectaries began  
To work their damnable intent,  
The King upon the Solemn oath  
Of English Peeres was free to both,  
The Scots from Tine marchd over Tweed:  
Then Rogues rose up, and might made right,  
The Souldier gainst the State did fight  
And His oune King a Captive lead.

7.The

*The Coward Citty Cuckolds nest,  
 For al her gunnes cast ope Her gates,  
 And sav<sup>d</sup> the Houses forcd ; the seatts  
 By Independant Knaues poss<sup>ess</sup>t,  
 Slaves took the power into their hands,  
 The Nobles couchd at their Commands,  
 The King was carried up and doune,  
 Till from the barre unto the blocke  
 The Sacred Head stopt to the stroke  
 Of a base Axe which feld the Croune.*

*Arch-Traytors, Tygers, Wolvish doggs,  
 That durst the Lords annointed kill,  
 The Sacred bloud that you did Spill,  
 Shall droune your fields to bloudy boggs :  
 Heavens vengeance shall so heavy fall,  
 On you and your successours all.  
 That England shall for ever mourne  
 The ground for corne soure Hemp shall yee  
 To Hang you up in every field,  
 And all your Trees shal gibbets turne.*



*The Royale ghost shall haunt your Hall,  
 And horror shall your Soules affright,  
 Hells sights in silence of the Night  
 Your guilty Consciences shall gall.  
 The Scottish sword shall mowe you doune,  
 And when your carcasses are throune  
 On dunghills, for the ravens food,  
 The stinch of them shall raise a pest  
 And famine shall consume the rest  
 To root out your un lucky brood.*

*But you good soules that sighe to see  
 A Rascall rable rule and Raigne,  
 And dare not for your lives complaine  
 Faint not, though you oppressed be.  
 The happy day wil shortly come,  
 Shall bring your King triumphant home  
 And bring the Golden Age againe  
 But London must be first lay'd lowe  
 That Charles may ore her ashes goe  
 To hang up Cromwell in a chaine.*

*Rouse up you drousy peevish Peeres ,  
 For shame be not for ever slaves  
 Your place and bloud more Courage craves,  
 Degener not from your Forebe'ers,  
 They next to God did love there King,  
 From whom there Honours all did Spring  
 Will you by Coxcombs be Commanded!  
 By Souters, Taylors, Coblers, Currees ,  
 Then quite your golden Swords and Spurre  
 And take Some Trade to understand it.*

*Base Gcntrie blushe, and hide your faces ,  
 To serve such Clounes as keep you lowe ,  
 And Squease your substance from you so  
 That they are Lords, you have but laces  
 Yet will you Suffer and sit still,  
 And give your monney with good will,  
 Who grudgd at subsidies before?  
 Packhorses vvhho should pittie you,  
 Since your Content your backs to bowe  
 Wee vvishe your burthens may be more.*



evites dare you lift up your hands  
 To beg a blessing on these men, (stayne,  
 Whom their Dread Soveraignes bloud doth  
 And cries for Vengeance on the Land?  
 Are you Seduced all, and led  
 By your neew Mahomet that blade,  
 The Prophet Peters, Hugh that cries?  
 A stubborne spirit rules in Him  
 When sack in spires him to the brim  
 His Lord and Maister Hec denyes.

Preach woe and Iudgment hanging ore  
 That cursed crue that kild their King,  
 And all those plagues that Heaven will bring  
 Upon those Murtherers, thunder, roare.  
 Tell Traytor Fairfax to his face,  
 Though he have now layd doune his Place  
 Yet from Gods hand He cannot flee,  
 And pray that they may ne'er repent,  
 That did there Princes death consent  
 But that the innocent be free.

*Poore Poeples mused, and misled,  
 That must a monster now adore  
 Shake of thy yoke and grone no more  
 In slavery but sett up thy head.  
 Cal for your King, hang up those Knaves,  
 That suck your bloud and make you slaves  
 There is no service to a King:  
 Hee is your Father and your Lord  
 Ordained of God to sway the sword  
 His Raigne shall blessings to you bring.*

*Thou souldier that hast sold thy soule,  
 For Lawles liberty and gaine  
 A Tyrant Monster to maintaine,  
 With many heads, most ougly foule,  
 Thy wickednes and woefull wroung  
 Shall find the just reward ere long  
 When thou dismembred torne shalt lie  
 And curse these Rogues that made thee rise,  
 Against thy King, before whose Eyes  
 Thou gaspes in gore but canst not die.*



Up Scotland then thy Standards spread,  
 And follow forth Lord of Hosts,  
 Who Laughs at bragging Pharos boasts,  
 And through the seas his owne doth lead,  
 His hand from heaven shall lead thee on  
 To tread thyne enemys necks upon,  
 And ore their bellys Conquering goe  
 Till Thou set Charles upon his Throne,  
 And see those Traytors every one  
 Hang'd quartered, drawne, thy Zeall to shewe.

And Thou o Lord! goe still before.  
 Armd with Thy Thunders fire and flamme  
 To put his ennemys to shame  
 That wil not his just power adore.  
 Send Thy destroying Angell doune  
 The Rebell campe in bloud to droune,  
 But guard thyne owne with Walls of fire  
 Shoot Lightnings in their faces Lord,  
 And strike them blinde untill the Sword  
 Have drunk their bloud at full desire

*Goe on Great King God Thee defend  
 And Croune thy head with Victorie.  
 That all thine ennemys may see  
 Heavens blessing doth thy armes attend.  
 May thy just Sword Sharp Vengeance take  
 Of those that Seek thy power to shake,  
 And cutt the cords of Conjurati<sup>o</sup>n,  
 And may Thy Scepter break and bruse  
 All that thy just Command refuse.  
 And thou be deare every Nation.*

*Defend the Church shee is Thy Mother  
 Her blessing shall upon Thee be,  
 Her Prayers have preserved Thee,  
 God heares Her Still above all other,  
 Let no proud Prelates creep within  
 Her gates, Strange guises te begin,  
 But have ore Such a Watchfull Eye  
 These Wolves did Waste the Church of late  
 And troubled Sore both Church and State  
 The Load did heavy on Her lie.*



Maintain the Lawes, and make more good,  
 Doe Iustice as becomes Thy place,  
 And be no niggard of thy Grace,  
 Nor Lavish of Thy Subjects bloud:  
 So shall Thy throne establisht be  
 In Righteousnes and Equitie  
 And Plenty shall heap up Thy store.  
 Thy Lands shall florish, and Thy ships  
 Shall safely plough the Swelling deeps,  
 And fill with forrain good Thy shore.

Brave Nobles that from ancient names  
 Draw your descent and pedigree,  
 Whose worthy feats of Chevalrie  
 Left lasting Honours to these Times,  
 What fair occasion haue you now  
 Your Loyall Courage for to shoue  
 In Service of your noble King?  
 Heavens never blest a better cause  
 God calls you, and your duty drawes,  
 Then bravely forth your banners bring,



*Stand up in armes all honnest Scots.  
 Revenge your King, His Crounes recouer,  
 And Conquerours march all England over,  
 To sheath your Swords in Rebells throats.  
 Pull those usurping Traytours doune  
 And hang them up, then burne there Toun  
 That nothing may remayne at all,  
 Then salt upon the ashes sowe  
 That neuer grasse again may growe,  
 Where London Stood nor yet Whitehall.*

*Great King of Kings preserve our King  
 And guard Him with Thy Angells bright,  
 Couer His head when Hee Shall fight:  
 And to His brest a buckler bring:  
 Make all His ennemys fall back,  
 All Strength and Courage from them take  
 And let His Sword be drunk with bloud,  
 That when Thy hand hath Scattered them,  
 He may give glorie to Thy Name,  
 And lounge Raigne, Happy, Iust, and Good.*









